ORPHEUM THEATER — Willard Mack, Florence Stone and Orpheum players will appear in "The Conquerors" all week, commencing tonight. Matinees Thursday and Saturday. Evening curtain, 8:15.

EMPRESS THEATER Sullivan-Considine vaudeville, Matinee dai-ly, 2:20. Two evening performances, 7:30 and 9:15. Bill changes Wednes.

REN THEATER-Motion pictures and music. Afternoon and evening.

IPLING'S famous lines, 'Grimly spoke Atulla Khan: Love bath made this thing a man.

can aptly be applied to "The Conquerors," Paul M. Potter's celebrated story of the Franco-Prussian war, where the invading army captures everything in sight, including the women. This strong play will be the offering of Willard Mack, Florence Stone and the Orpheum players for the week commencing tonight.

Two distincts groups of characters are

Two distinct groups of characters are shown in the play, which was first pre-sented with such success in New York by William Faversham and Viola Allen. There are the ribald, careless Prussians, the conquerors, and the sullen, resent-ful French, the conquered.

The drama throughout the four acts

The drama throughout the four acts covers a period of twelve hours. The Prussians are disclosed in the first act in possession of bandsome quarters in the Castle of Grandpre, at Dinan, Brittany. The family, consisting of a brother and two sisters, have retired to the wing where they have taken up their quarters following the invasion of a group of young officers, who proof a group of young officers, who pro reed to make merry after the accepted fashion of the victorious.

fashion of the victorious.

In order that the fun shall be fast and furious, they have brought along with them half a dozen French dancing with who have escaped from besieged Paris. While in the midst of their orgy, Yvonne, one of the daughters of the house, appears on the scene, under the impression that her presence will quell the bacchandian revel. She specdily finds that the Prussians have but little respect for her. Later, the most dare-devil of the lot, Sub-Lieuten ant Eric Von Rodeck, generally called "The Babe" on account of his roister ous proclivities, grossly insults her.
After a strong scene in which Yvonne
appeals to his better nature, she is
allowed to go, only to be again insulted
by a local innkeeper. Eric appears and
promptly kills the fellow. Around this
the olar is built

The play is built.

The two big parts, those of Eric the Babe and Yvonne are played respectively by Mr. Mack and Miss Stone, and it goes without saying that these and it goes without saying that these two players will give a good account of themselves. E. Forrest Taylor will be given an opportunity as Hugo, Baron of Grandpre, and brother of the heroine. Miss Ross will be seen in a new role, that of the leader of the French dancing girls, who has a weakness for champagne. Rosa Roma will also Rabiole, either to Yvonne. Frank play Babiole, sister to Yvonne. Frank Jongsson has been given a repulsive character part, that of Jean Baudin, called "Bobeche." Myrtle Gayetty plays the role of his wife. Among the Prussian officers are John Sumner, Walter Seymour, Ivan Christy and Harmon Weight.

Implication of the Harmon Weight. The headliner is gives her lover her pony and he rides to the fort.

When the Apaches realize the trick that she has played on them they take of Golden is also a singer and eccentric dancer, and his act is solid enterstainment from beginning to end.

Grace De Winters, the cirl vantrile.

mon Weight.
"The Conquerors" carries a big cast, twenty three speaking parts, in fact. It is of absorbing interest all the time and calls for some thrilling climaxes. The play runs all week, with matinees Thursday and Saturday, to be followed next week by "Trilby," which has been secured by special arrangement with W. A. Brady, when Mr. Mack will play Svengali and Miss Stone the part of the famous model.

UT of a dozen bills of variety that have been running along at the Empress these past months on an unusually high plane, has a higher plane in artistic merit than any other bill presented at that house

The exhibition of Charles Willard, "The Man Who Grows," is a performance that not even physicians are able to explain. Apparently Willard can, while standing erect before an audience and talking casually, increase his height from five feet nine inches, normal, to six feet three inches, and without the aid of any mechanical apparatus. This is made certain by an ex-amination of the performer by commit-tees from the audience before he at tees from the audience before as a tempts the exhibition. Then, standing on his right leg, Willard gradually increases the length of it until his left foot swings clear of the floor by six inches. Then facing one of the comtact will be the facing one of the comtact will be the facing one of the comtact will be the facing of the floor by six inches. Then facing one of the comtact will be the facing one of the comtact will be the facing of the floor by six inches. Then facing one of the comtact will be the facing of the dream is vividity shown. mittee. Willard places the finger tips of both hands on the man's chest and gradually lengthens his right arm until it is eleven inches longer than his left. In the return of that artistic pair, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Voelker, Man-

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Voelker, Manager McCov has found a musical net that will please all who see it. Mr. Voelker is a musician of note both here and in Europe, and his charming and accomplished wife assists him so effectively in presenting their musical sketch, "Twilight in the Studio," that the act immediately takes its place as a headline attraction.

a headline attraction. Alma is a clever, engaging little comedienne, whose charms and voice and mannerisms are very much her own. the parallel ropes marks a new departure in exhibitions of that kind, and they are preceded by Daniel Roach and James McCurdy, famous for several easons as Hi Holler and the town con-stable in James A. Brady's production of "Way Down East." Their sketch is called "The Prune Center Cut-Ups."

Their makeups, dialogue and manuer-isms are exceedingly funny. Virgil Holmes and Marjoris Kiley possess fine voices and their songs are well selected. Wednesday afternoon of this week will see the first performance of the programme that follows the present bill. Walter Law, an eminent actor, who has been very successful on the legitimate stage, headlines the new bill opening Wednesday afternoon, in a playlet en-titled "At the Thresbold," For the youngsters Manager McCoy is provid



"Willard" the Man who Grows tall - at the Empress

Franco's miniature circus. Ponies, dogs and monkeys comprise the troupe. Bessie Valdare's Bicycle Belles are another feature, and they are a sextette of girls who do about all that can be done on a bicycle.

HE bill of Levey vaudeville, which coened at the Colonial would be arrives at the Anaches receive a warm reception. Outnumbered, however, Arrow Head coes that the fight is hopeless and so breaks through the lines and goes for help to the white mans' fort. Sorely wounded he arrives at the Anache ville.

which opened at the Colonial yesterday afternoon, offers an entertainment of exceptional merit throughout. The headliner is

material, and her act is entirely different from the general run of its kind. The Kidders appear in a rural comedy sketch entitled "When Circus Comes to Town," in which are introduced a number of clever specialties.

Fred Palmer intermingles juggling dancing. interpolating some

snappy wittiesms.

Three first run motion pictures complete the bill. The apparatus installed by the management of the Colonial for cooling and ventilating the house working perfectly, resulting in eyen, inviting temperature in all pa an unusually high plane, has of the house, no matter what the tem-at last a programme that reaches perature is in the street. STORY of the old frontier days

when the Indians fought among themselves is the headline offering at the Rex today. The Bison film calling for 1000 men horses is entitled "On the War-" and deals with the Apache and

Yuma Indians in Arizona.

By way of an introduction, the old Indian chief, Arrow Head, is shown selling beads at a railroad station. After the train rolls out he lies down in the shade and dreams of his youth. The story of the dream is vividly shown:

this conference Arrow Head meets Red Feather, daughter of an Apache chief. Later she overhears a

wounded he arrives at the Apache vil-lage. Red Feather picks him up and carries him to her tepee in time to put the pursuing Apaches off the scent. She gives her lover her pony and he rides

tainment from beginning to end.

Grace De Winters, the girl ventriloduist, has a clever line of laugh-making and the dying chief calls Arrow Head to him and gives him his head dress. sign that he shall succeed him for his

> Three other new first run photo-dramas go to make up the programme, together with the Animated Weekly devoted to the news of the world told in

DRAMATIC NEWS AND COMMENT

Much criticism has been evoked as to the influence on public morals of so-called "crook" plays. Harris Merton Lyon in a recent issue of the Green Book takes issue with the view that these plays are a lure to evil living. He is glittering, clever and enigrammatic. If not very convincing. He writes:

Ladies and Gentleman-We have Ladies and Gentleman—We have with with us just now a party than whom, as Frank Adams says, there is none than whome. He has been with us before and, the Lord of Stuppldity willing, he will be with us again and yet again. Ladies and gentlemen, the Sciemn Jackass.

It is the duty—may, the habit and the pleasure—of the Solemn Jackass to view with alarm; he has an inexhaustible supply of both anthracite and bituminous alarms which permit him to get up steam at any time on any subject.

Right now he is exhausting in regard to the crime play and crime litersture in general. He is writing to the daily press in protest against such shows as "The Greybound." "The Loep Purple." "A Romance of the Underworld," et cetera—not that he mentlons those shows by name. He assails the class, at the same time

he goes further and assails the Raf-des type of fiction appearing in the magazines. He is "bothered to know" whether

Magazines.

He is "bothered to know" whether the public at large, thus influenced, will "go out and stake their liberty against the easy money so attractively pictured;" and a fellow member of the Solemn Jackass Society of America points out with horrifled statistics the extreme youthfulness of daring criminals in New York, Paris, Richmond, Va., and the Cape of Good Hope. As to Polynesia and the Straits Settlements he is miraculously stlent. But in conclusion the Solemn Jackass always asks, with bated breath, "What is to be done." And it being part of our cheerful atm in life to answer all such questions when we can, we reply:

"The thing to be done is for the Solemn Jackass to cultivate a philosophy."

Nelvets likes to be hard upon an

"The thing to be done is for the Solemn Jackass to cultivate a philosophy."

Nobody likes to be hard upon an adult jackass; his way through life is difficult enough without his having to learn new tricks. It is going a bit against nature, too, which has made his ears supersensitive and superlong, for the very purpose that they might gather in all the slarms of an alarming universe that he may ball thereat and express nis disapproval thereaver by kicking his heels at the beautiful and senseless sky thereof. All of which, being without philosophy, he does.

But he is not going to change the way of the world, if anything is to be changed he will have to change threadly with a supersentially and Irishly suggest that if one ear must view with alarm, the other be allowed to noint—not with pride—with a sort of kindly cynicism. But what is the way of the world as regards the attractiveness of crime?

Let us examine into human nature and see why people patronize such shows as "The Deep Purple" and "The Greybound," chuckle at the episodes, go away declaring the show to be "great"; why they read "Raffies," lost in fascination over a rascal's successful maneuvers. It all begins with that grand, that world-redeeming, that society-preserving fact that the masses of people are slow-witted.

Adolphus Lamp, the millionaire

Adolphus Lamp, the millionaire brewer, has become rich by slow and painstaking process of two-and-two-makes-four. It is unquestionably a sincere process; but there is no magic about it, no imagination. Also, quite unbeknownat to Adolphus—and by the same process as he became rich—he has become old. His life, in other words, has been solely a matter of two-plus-two.

words, has been solely a matter of two-plus-two.

Never in the process of adding to the days of his life and the dollars of his fortune did the wild notion ever burst over Adolphus to be clever. At one with the rest of the solemn brood of care, he plugged on, as the poet says. All over the world—his world—he met other and similar Adolphuses. The wholesalers who bought his product, the retailers who rented saloons from him, the bankers who rolled his dollars for him—all people (save a foolish few who imbibed too much of his product) were two-plus-tweers.

If any man of his business ac-

two-plus-tweers.

If any man of his business acquaintance showed at any time the quality of imagination, Adolphus cut down his credit. He argued that if the fellow could make two plus two equal a hundred and twenty-five, he wouldn't do it with his money. Nuhnuh, and quickly.

Well, there's your world, messleurs; a contaructive world, a pleasant land made up of little grains of sand carefully piled one on top of the other by the careful, unimaginative Adolphuses.

Every honest man and woman of

Every honest man and woman of us really tries to be constructive. We try to bank a little money, buy a little home of our own, rear a few children, inculcate constructive policies in their minds, improve our business—heaven knows what; but we sincerely try to pile up whatever grains of sand Fate gives us and make a decent structure of the same. And, all hypocrisy aside, we know what this game is, it is the dullest game on earth. on earth.
t we play it: why? Because we
t to

yet we play it: why? Because we ought to.

And now we come to the crook. There isn't any ought in the crook's malcoup. Ethics is as unknown to him as it is to a free child.

Well, the crook is a playboy, gifted with imagination. That is the reason we like to see him at work in a play or a novel. Adolphus Lump was never clever in his life, in the play the criminal is at his cleverest best. That is the reason Adolphus chuckles and roars when, unrolled before his eyes, he sees the crook approach a character as stupid as Adolphus himself, invegle him into a card game and cheat him. Down in his thick old honest brain, that appeals to some calloused lobe of his imagination.

"I had to laugh at Captain Rand's

"I had to laugh at Captain Rand's magic stones," writes a farmer to his farm paper, "because I know a lot of folks right here in Tilton that they worked the game on." Yes; he had to laugh, because he was a stupid bystander who saw the revelation of a clever game.

I know of no better place than right here to ram in another analysis of the crook mind. You have frequently observed savants draw a comparison between the criminal mind and the poet mind. That notion jogs around the same old starting-point, neither the poet nor the crook is freighted with a constructive sense of duty to society. A poet—a real temperamental poet, I mean, not a union poet—is just about as constructive of the constructive sense of duty to society. A poet—a real temperamental poet, I mean, not a union poet—is just about as constructive.

(Continued on Pollowing Page.)



Scene From "The Conquerors," Which Will Be Presented all Week by Will ard Mack and the Orpheum Players, at

the Orpheum Beginning Tonight

Harrowing Is "The Price She Paid", but Scenery And Dresses Are Rich

Famous Woman Suffrage Leaders in Motion Picture Play, "Votes for Women"; Another Film Presents "Suffrage and the Man."

BY VANDERHEYDEN FYLES

speaking of the time of the year, have you heard Willie Collier's remark, the other day in Pittsburg to Lillian Russell, on the occasion of her most recent matrimonial high dive? "What do you mean," queried the voiatile William to the incomparable Lillian, "by

matrimonial high dive? "What do you mean," queried the voiatile William to the lineomparable Lilliam, "by not waiting until July to celebrate the fourth?"

That of course, has nothing to do with Cecil Spooner, Yet, in a way, it has, For no sooner did the Weber & Fields jubitee tour come to its end and the famous merry-makers return to New York, minus only Lillian's fourth, who had dashed off to Chicago for the convention, than many of them ambled up to the Lencox Oval, in the Bronx, and saw the Lew Fields nine vanquish the Cecil Spooner Comers by a score of 8 to 5, in a ten-inning game.

For three seasons the Lew Fieldsers have held the theatrical championship in Greater New York, in which time they have won thirty-two games and lost but one. At the final triumph, Lew Fields himself led the rooters; but Cecil Spooner was not there. Why?

Well, you know, playing two performances every day and a new role every week since she was a little child might be a good reason for Cecil Spooner missing one or two things. That is, it might be for anyone but a Spooner. But the younger daughter of the shrewd and tireless Mary Gibbs appears to have found so much time on her hands that she turned to playwriting, as a pastime. The result is that a sort of Spooner cycle has been storied north of the Sputter Duyvil, and, for a few wesks anyway, the Bronx has become the Baircuth of New York. The initial drama is called "The Price She Paid," though it bears no resemblance, so far as I know to the late David Graham Phillips's current story; indeed, the intrepid press department announces it as comparable only with "The Price" and "Bousht and Paud For." The George Broadhurst of the occasion proves to be, like all Gaul, divided into three parts, an original work by Louis Lipsky and Avon Ross having been "rewritten by Cecil Spooner."

NOW, what I shoul like to know and the dresses? That our colorful and resourceful friend, the Rarebit and resourceful friend, the Rarebit Flend, is responsible for the former. I am willing to believe; but that Lady Duff-Gordon had anything to do with the latter seems absolutely incredible in view of her placed and contained (not to say gentle gray and mauve) attitude in the face of recent harrowing events. In the matter of the gowns, I cannot help but wonder whether Madame Raoul Duval has deserted Paris for The Bronx and undertaken to initiate the northern gum chewers into the mystic mysteries of the meaning of colors, as exemplified in emotional dressing, by which process she endeavas exemplified in emotional dressing, by which process she endeavored three or four years ago, to express for her sister, Mrs. James Brown Potter, some of that seething soulfulness which had made the latter, internally, a dramatic artist of the first rank for a long time. In short, the American Madame Duval's Parisian costumes were designed to bring the American Mrs. Potter's Oriental passions to a head, poultice-like. Taking that view the meaning of The Price She Paid becomes immediately almost as clear as pea soup. Color is indeed a great help! The rising of the first curtain re-

The rising of the first curtain reveals an intensely salmon-pink boudolf, with just enough flowers of
purple-pink shades, to indicate the
fact that the heroine's soul is not
wholly lost. Several intensely skyblue curtains symbolize the giddy
lady's innocent youth. A tiger rug
denotes her knowledge of Elinor
Glyn, though its inconspicuous position doubtless signifies the woman's
general leaning toward Anthony Glyn, though its inconspicuous position doubtless signifies the woman's general leaning toward Anthony Hope, if not quite Amelia E. Barr. Into this feverish and warring atmosphere, Marie Thornton (Cecil Spooner) suddenly sweeps ominously in emerald green and spangles. Marie is vaguely associated with the mad, glad, bad world of the metropolis, though beaving with a heavy sorrow. In the end we learn that her mother was not her mother, but it takes us a long time to discover that her hillowy trouble is not simply the result of etabs in June.

Also, bowed down by the horrible revelation that their mother was only an imposter, Marie's older sister had gone rapidly to the bad and had expired. All these facts make themselves known when the emerald-green-and-spangles clashes with the salmon walks and sky-bine portleres.

But this is not the worst. A worldiy "chaperon," in a dusty purple, enters to announce a villain, in a braided waistecat. From that point on the dirty work is clear before our even. Braided waistecat typifies the life from while) Emerald-green would break loose. She has learned to love Blonds-curly-hair. He has a wealthy father. Far off, in the last act, father tells us that just before the final breaking up, every man experiences a double dose of summer skitishness.

er tells us that just before the final breaking up, every man experiences a double dose of summer skitishness. Need I tell you it was he who sent the late lamented sister (doubtless in a scarlet sweater) to her ruin and her death? But all this is not revessed until much, much later, Learning the Identity of her wonderful, blonde tover, Marle Thornton swears to ruin even him to wreak vengence on his father.

AT about this point, the purple chaperon ushers a strange gentieman into the very bosom of the plot. He wears a Scotch-plaid waist-coal. Immediately we know that he at least, is disinterested and kindly.

Indeed, almost his first words to the harrowed heroine are: "I should like to offer you the advantages of my automobile." But that troubled lady is far, oh far, too far gone to be revived by motoring. She is set solely on revenge. Indeed, a blue-green calcium moon still leaves her cold; atthough it heightens the intensity of the second "curtain."

ple, admirably painted scene, a cut-rate theater; and looks as though the highly-colored charms Price She Paid," would vanish beneath a makeshift likeness to "The Price" and "Bought and Paid For." The sum of this part of the play is that the affection between father and son is strong enough to hold out hope for a happy meeting between the old gentleman and the unknown woman who has involved his boy, perhaps un-wittingly, in a rickety financial scheme.

wittingly, in a rickety financial scheme.

The last act brings about a feverish meeting between the financier, who suffered a brief, final fling of summer, and the girl, who has donned a gown so hearly like the walls that a hope of ultimate reconcillation, peace and understanding is happily held out. Indeed, a kind of companion turns up dressed in white, but wearing such salmony pink flowers that one feels that a cheerful, gentle ending surely is at hand. If somebody only would celebrate the summertime by taking down the sky-blue portieres unanimous joy and understanding would, without doubt, spread sentle wings, about the climax of the play.

But nobody approaches the curtains: and the "happy ending" is delayed for a long time. Father nearly dies of heart disease. Father gets well. Father nearly dies again, Everybody doubts everybody. Finally it is over. As to the end I can only rely on, and quote, the stout, motherly matron who, hurrying home to "get the dinner," bumped into me on the way out and remarked to her companion, in a fat contraite. "They'll all see things clearer when they "sober up."

TALK about your all-star casts! What would you say to a play in which the leading characters were mpersonated by Jane Addams, Inez Mutholland, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and such other queens of the suffrage as Mrs. Lee Luidlaw, Harriet frage as Mrs. Lee Laidlaw, Harriet Mills and Mrs. Marcia Townsend? No, the drama was not that heart-rending classic, "The Two Orphans," nor was it "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, nor even the less intellectual, but prettily pleasing play, "Giris Will Be Giris." By no means. It was a story written for the occasion and entitled "Votes for Women," though bearing no more than a symthough searing no more than a symthough search search

It was a story written for the occasion and entitled "Votes for Women," though bearing no more than a sympathetic and sisterly relation to Elizabeth Robins's interesting drama of the same name, in which Mary Shaw appeared a few years ago. This "Votes for Women" is, in fact, a motion picture play. In the words of Pinero's silly, sentimental duchess, "Silent, yet, oh, how eloquent!"

Before the play began the author appeared before the audience to make a speech. At the end of a season of many failures this forehand method might be recommended to young authors who are determined to face an assemblage of first-nighters, whether or no. But no such vain or frivolous motive inspired Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, corresponding and executive secretary of the National league—suffrage, not baseball. The films were late in arriving, and, anyway. Mrs. Dennett was not averse to getting in a word or two to the girls out front. The occasion was an invitation view of the elaborate, half-hour-long films, which were "released" (as the jargon of the "movies" has it) on June 25. In her preliminary heart-to-heart talk Mrs. Dennett told us that the national board of censorship suggested a votesfor-women picture play, which she thereupon dashed off and had acted all within forty-eight hours. To which I, for one, am up and cheering, "Quick work, girls!"

MRS. DENNETT'S "Votes for Women" is divided into two parts-the first fictional; the second literal, not to say historic. For in the latter we see Mrs. James Lee Laidlaw vehemently addressing the Wage-Earners' league: Mrs. Townsend, Miss Mills, Miss Mulholland and Miss Kee-gan, with associates and assistants, keeping things humming at the suf-frage headquarters; and Miss Addams and Dr. Shaw receiving an senator; we get good views of and Dr. Shaw receiving an inimical sensitor: We get good views of numerous sections of the great suffrage parade, along Fifth avenue on the memorable May fourth. These pictures are good enough to rekindle the cothoniasm with which anyone who saw that demonstration—suffragist, anti-suffragist or mus-wump—could not have failed to be fired by its staunch seriousness and determined dignity; and to people who missed the parade, the pictures are worth inspection for themselves.

As for the first and fottonal half of "Votes for Women," one might be excused an attitude of more lightness and even levity. Its moral—worked up to and then hammered in, with all the bald and engoging ingeniousness of "No Mother to Guide Her"—seems to be that the Fairy Goomother of old, who used to bring happiness out of utter despair by a simple wave of her magic wand, is reincarnated in the modern suffragette. A cruel senator is hounding a poor, starving family to the grave, though he himself is on the verge of blasful matrimony. His fiancee comes to a shop to buy her wedding gown, which is sold to her by none other

to a shop to buy her wedding gown, which is sold to her by none other than the lovely, fragile, fainting daughter of the miserable famident in one of the heartless at tenements. Presently the woman is discharged; but nothing on the rich girl, becauseding gown proves to have scarlet fever germs. It has made, you see, by the mother starving family, in the senait infected tenement. The brisinks nigh unto death. At the suffrageties enter, and, everything is made right! Thing family stop starving an robust health for ever after, and everything self of his mailgna and dashes off \$5000 checks May Irwin-esque geniality; ance flings aside her fever by as though it were a rose wearled of. So much for the near-future of the woman su. Which leads me to ask, in of the solicitous advertigement you a little suffragette liouse?"

BUT lest you think the we more clinging qualities, hard Dorothy Steele's motion-p called "Suffrage and the Ma was recently revealed at the hall long known and overer the home of Weber & Fle festooned in purple, green ; festooned in purple, green as the suffrage colors. In the suffrage colors. In Frankle Balley the leading played by Harriot Stanton Perhaps I should explain the the term "leading in its sense—that is, heading a mor procession, or grand marthe amazons. For Mrs. pictured in the performance daily duties as president Women's Political Union, the sentimental story center younger, unnamed woman, a presentable sweetheart will however, she quarries over

however, she quarrels right to vote. Thus cut adrift, right to vote.

Thus cut adrift, the man falls into the clut spangled adventuress who give a whoop for the vote she clings to the dear of bleeding him to the last dro suing for breach of prom. What more natural that man should be tried befordury, of which his ex-fianc woman? Happilly he is And now pause before me. woman? Happily he is And now pause before gas the last and loveliest of the Having been told that we finally won the right to last sight of the contrite mar opposed girls so wickedly at ally to himself is of his n to his flancee, her magnant siveness and their happy hand in hand, to vote toget

L ONDON has a nasty w of the good things our Fan oses for us. The latest m and "The Autumn Maneuver when those plays were intr when those plays were into Vienna, American managers one another to secure the dus, nor were we any slower preclate the rarely lovely mentated the reached us. I takes and mishaps in the clashed off New York failures instances. London took its till

instances. London took its the librattists and performers, and sult is complete success in but All this is made pertinent introduction of "The Melody on None has failed to realize the song of that name, in "Gype is the most beautiful balled sort heard bare for most beautiful balled." is the most beautiful balled sort heard here for many year by itself it makes a visit to Love" worth while. In "A Wildow," the much-talked-of whirl around to it; people at never heard the opera whistle part of breakfast. The latest ance of the song is as title motive of the newest one-act by Edgar Alien Woolf. The latest are wife who has become in with a public violinist and he him to call. He has been in he for only a short time when hand unexpectedly returns. To converts the musician into a a very clumsy butter. Presented to the violinist urns a has had a poor time being wife of the violinist turns a has had a poor time being half to a genius. But, unfort alse knew the other man help rather intimately. And so running in and out of doors a sary before a happy ending ed. Yet no such thing as anding can be coincident conclusion of music so alluring har's "Gypsy Love." I you have tears, prepare them now. What figure

If you have lears, prepare them now. What figure appealing than the noble whose face and language as toughest, but whose heart is softest? Father is an old wowsy surely is a blok; but tear here for the boy's unakindness to his peer old moth the scene of "Squaring Adis the real estate office of a immediately recognizable as tent head of the house of interbred with other Scroos terrifying person upbraids be baving failed to deliver the evening's papers to him. The shooting craps. The unfamilial interests the miser. Newsy tounded that anyone should grown to old age without least bloot craps. He teaches. Exquire winning 70 cents "off I need hardly tell you that pleads to have this money aphis mother's rent, now three coverdue. A while ago, it see good old dad recled home with one and beat up his old we that what was left of her haddeted into an ambulance as its owerk and pay rent.

Now, Newsy having had Now, Newsy having and dissolved the gentle tears, old Scrooge tak He, too "has a story" author of the sketch, be lie, too "has a story," author of the sketch, he is up and tells it. Boiled do a point that the happy a would not recognize his flowing narrative, the mixing and and gental years or more age. But wife. Oddly enough, it wo possession of her that ha and applied his disportito loss of her. She ran a protracted recital of the moves the newshoy so that he asks to be the friend; which generous reconly acceded to but also clasps a receipt for the rent into the outstrebed then the curtain flutters gently as the white wings of peace.